UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Reason and Religion

By JESSE H. HOLMES

Scraps from a Paris Diary

By CHESTER C. PLATT

Thoughts of Tolstoy

PART III

Rabindranath Tagore's Ashram

By J. J. VAKEL

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CVI MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1930 NUMBER 11

TO THE RUSSIAN MUJHIK

You feel again the lashing whip, the pain;
And cowering you dread the thongs again;
You see the squalid hovel, straw and stone,
Your black bread mildewed—paid for groan by groan;
Your dripping sweat upon the heavy earth
And blood—price of your blighted life from birth
Till death should come—that narrow, dismal lane
Of life made sodden by oppression's reign.
To royalty you gave luxurious food
That you and yours might starve in plentitude.
Your labor and your blood made rich the ground.
Bewildered, now you hear a trumpet sound
A loud clear roll of freedom. Mujhik, hear!
No more will darken that dense cloud of fear.
Lift up your head. Look to the dawn, the light—
Once more upon the earth has triumphed Right!

FANIA KRUGER.

It is late in the day for UNITY to comment effectively upon the elections on November 4th last. Yet in this very tardiness, made unavoidable by press conditions, is there the advantage of a certain soberness of mind which disappears momentarily when the fight is on and the decision just made. In the few days following the counting of the ballots, the papers were full of excitement over the great reversal from Republican to Democratic ascendancy. There was hectic talk of earthquakes, tidal waves, and even revolutions. But now that the days and even weeks have passed, and the tumult and the shouting have died, one is tempted to wonder what all the furor was about. Republicans were turned out, Democrats were put in! But what of it? Is there any reader of UNITY so simple as to believe that this substitution of one of the old parties for the other is going to accomplish anything? There is to our mind nothing quite so ridiculous in our American life as the spectacle of a lot of so-called intelligent citizens rising up in wrath against the delinquencies and iniquities of Republicans, and then marching to the polls, breathing out bloodshed and slaughter, and electing—Democrats! Futility, thy name is election day! Personally we expect, after all this bally-hoo, after all this huge expenditure of party funds, after all this uprising of a free people, to see things going on exactly the same as they have always done. Had every defeated Republican been elected, and every elected Democrat been defeated, the history of this republic during the next two years would have been identically the same. We have seen a little child on the beach fill his pail with seawater, turn it out after a time in disgust, and then walk back into the same ocean and fill it again. That's a parable of an American election!

There are plenty of reasons for criticizing the British Labor Party these days, and we have not hesitated to use them in these columns. But it must be confessed, with whatever melancholy and confusion, that the Labor Party still looks something like the hope of the world when surveyed against the background of everything else in Britain. Of course the only alternative to MacDonald and the Laborites is Baldwin and the Tories, and what prospect is there of better things from that direction? It's like smashing the Republicans in this country and raising the Democrats to power and glory, and expecting to get any change for the better in political and economic affairs. On the Palestine issue it would seem as though British Labor had not only been guilty of the gravest dishonor but had also committed the grossest blunder conceivable, and the Tories have been quick to speak denunciation and rebuke. But is there anybody in England or in America who is innocent enough to believe that the Tories really have any interest in the Jewish homeland, or that in office they would follow any other line of imperial interest than that already marked out so disgracefully by Lord Passfield? Or take India! Is it not certain that if Baldwin and Chamberlain and Churchill were now in charge of British affairs, their campaign of repression in India would make MacDonald's policy, bad as it is, look like a very quiet afternoon tea party? As for Europe and the critical problem of peace between the nations, it surely makes one tremble to think of the prospect of Labor being ousted from office by the Conservatives at any time during the period of dreadful international uncertainty now immediately before us. With Liberalism impotent and the Tories a party of black reaction, the Labor Party still remains the only hope we have in England. The more the pity, and the deeper the hurt, that this Party is betraying us on issues of world importance and central idealistic concern!

Gandhi has long since been recognized as the greatest spiritual genius of our time. Not yet, however, has

he been recognized, except by the initiate few, as one of the greatest statesmen of our time. What statesman, indeed, can compare with him today? A statesman, as we understand it, is a man who, charged with the high task of guiding a state or the people of a state, conceives a far-visioned program for the progress of this people, works out a practicable method of fulfilment for this program, and then himself in courage and wisdom leads on the host which presses eagerly to follow. The Mahatma of India meets perfectly the three-fold test of this exalted standard. Challenged by a crisis of unparalleled difficulty in the history of his nation, he has presented a program, worked out a method of procedure, and himself shown the way in the application of this method. Where else in the world today is there statesmanship comparable to his in conception, control of circumstance, precision, effectiveness, and sheer courage of thought and act? President Hoover seems like a man who has been backed up against a wall, and stands there because he can't get away. Premier MacDonald seems content to drift in the foaming eddies of the cataract, and trust to fortune to survive. Chancellor Bruening, unable to control the desperation of the Germans, threatens to brow-beat them with a dictatorship. Mussolini flatters the pride of a volatile people, and plays feverishly upon popular prejudice and passion. Chiang of China, fights heroically against the swarming hordes of armed anarchy, and is satisfied to avoid destruction. Stalin, the greatest of all political leaders now occupying the seats of power, drives through a vast program of reform by the sheer momentum of will imposed by force upon an ignorant and submissive population. But Gandhi, ruling by power of intellectual and spiritual persuasion, masters his time and place, and by means ideally adapted to the exigencies of his situation, determines the slow but sure outcome of the most baffling problem that this modern age has known. The potency of Gandhi's person—the influence over millions of a little man shut away behind prison walls—is a thing to marvel at. His shrewdness, wisdom, vision are not so easily discerned. But they exist as the essential qualities of a man who, in an age bankrupt of leadership, moves serenely and triumphantly upon his chosen way.

Unemployment has its uses, after all. Here is a report, for example, of the Life Extension Institute containing "16 Rules of Health." Most of these rules the unemployed, of all men, are peculiarly well fitted to obey. *"Sleep out-of-doors, if you can,"* for example! The unemployed are many of them doing this without any difficulty. Even in these cold autumn nights they are sleeping on the park benches and under the bridges. *"Avoid overeating"* is another rule. The unemployed have been happily avoiding this evil for months. *"Wear light clothing."* Thousands will heed this injunction this coming winter. *"Seek out-of-door occupations."* This is simple—nay, inevitable—for the unemployed. Walking from door to door in search of a job keeps a man out-of-doors and occupied from early morning until late at night. *"Work in moderation."* How many thousands of men and women are doing this today—working "in moderation" so extreme that they find it hard to keep track of exactly what they are doing. *"Avoid excess of high protein foods."* Nothing easier, especially when one is avoiding excess of all foods whatsoever. Surely, heeding such rules as these, the hosts of unemployed in this country must be among the most healthy of our citizens. But there is a last rule that works havoc and seems to spoil it all. *"Keep serene and light-hearted,"* says the Life Extension Institute. "Serene," when one's last penny is gone and not a chance is offered to earn another! "Light-hearted," when one's rent is unpaid, one's children hungry, and one's wife distracted! No, the unemployed can't obey this rule—and it is the curse of things that disobedience here spoils all success in every other direction. In the last analysis, life extension isn't helped much by unemployment. Even if it were, such life would hardly be worth the extension.

The Nobel Prize for literature, like Bret Harte's "heathen Chinee," is "peculiar." It is true that it has been worthily given in the past to Romain Rolland, Anatole France, Sigrid Undset, Rudyard Kipling, Bernard Shaw. But it has also been given to such forgotten or unknown names as Karl Gellerup, Henrik Pontopiddan, Carl Spitteler, Sully Prudhomme, Giosue Carducci, and Grazia Deledda, and has not been given at all to such immortals as Thomas Hardy, Georg Brandes, Maxim Gorky, Herman Sudermann, Benedette Croce, and Robert Bridges. Nobel judges are as fallible as other judges—as humanity in general! Yet do we believe that they have chosen wisely in this year selecting Sinclair Lewis to be the first American author to receive this token of international fame. Lewis has long since measured to the stature of great writers. His "Main Street" was a vast, sprawling, inchoate work, but it had enormous bulk and power, and genius in every line. Its successor, "Babbitt," was unexpectedly a work of finished art—as full-rounded a masterpiece of creative fiction as this country has seen since the passing of Hawthorne himself. "Arrowsmith" reverted in its somewhat chaotic character to "Main Street," but was in many ways its author's greatest work. "Elmer Gantry" was unworthy—Lewis for once forgot his satire and became the mere buffoon. But "Dodsworth" marked recovery to something like the artistic standard of "Babbitt"—Sinclair Lewis's work in its total effect marks a tremendous achievement. It has much of the vitality and abundance of the work of Dickens, and is as typical of the America of our time

as Dickens's work was typical of the England of his time. As a novelist, Lewis has everything—a vivid and at times beautiful style, an uncanny reportorial skill, a profound psychological insight, a keen social sense, immense satirical power, and tenderness deeper in capacity of pity and understanding than he has ever dared to show. This latest Nobel Prize winner is still a young man. As he matures and mellows, he will surpass even his present distinguished work.

UNITY very seldom engages in the practice of speaking praise of military men. It has found good reason for believing that generals and colonels and other uniformed grandees are usually men who are ignorant of human affairs, callous to the highest human interests, and dangerously hostile to the cause of peace and good-will among the nations of the earth. The typical soldier is an enemy to progress, and society can never be saved until the soldier's profession has been abolished upon the same principle that war has been outlawed. The military man is, or should be, as gross an anachronism in a Christian world as a pirate, slave-owner, or liquor-dealer. But there are exceptions to every rule, and the late General Tasker H. Bliss was one of the most glorious of them all. What a man this was! He was one of the most efficient of officers, as efficient in the field as at the desk, yet he hated war with a perfect hatred and had no confidence in arms as the instrument of peace. He did his business during the Great War as no other man in the American army did it, not even General Pershing, and alone among his uniformed colleagues he sought speedy reconciliation of the world when the war was done. General Bliss will be appropriately remembered for his distinguished war services, but his real immortality lies in what he did at Versailles when he sought to end the bitter hatred against Germany, to protect this unhappy enemy nation from the doom of outlawry and persecution, and to write a peace treaty which would save and not torment mankind. That Mr. Wilson recognized the greatness of General Bliss as a peace-maker as well as a war-maker, and chose him to help him in his great endeavor to restore order to a distracted humanity, must ever stand as one of the President's great achievements. That General Bliss, along with his chief, failed to attain the great ends sought was never his fault and will at no time in the future stand to his discredit. We like to recall how General Bliss came back to America after the tragic fiasco at Versailles, to confess, as Woodrow Wilson was never willing or able to confess, that the work of peace had miscarried and the task of saving the world still waited to be done. Can one ever forget the challenge which General Bliss flung at the religious forces of the world when he said that, if there was another war, the churches would be to blame? Now that a next war is looming so terribly on the international horizon at the very moment when General Bliss's body is seeking its rest in Arlington Cemetery, it will be well for the churches to remember this challenge. General Bliss did all that lay within his power not only to end the last war but to prevent the next war. Are we doing as much? Does General Bliss's spirit praise us or weep over us as it watches our labors for mankind?

Reason and Religion

I have before me a letter from a grocer out on the Pacific coast calling to my attention the fact that "when God looked around for material to carry out his divine commands he picked Joseph the carpenter, Peter, John, James and Andrew, fishermen, Matthew a tax gatherer. No mention whatever of a scientist." He remarks further on, that "evidently Jesus knew scientists would not die for him," and winds up with a modest statement that he himself is "just an individual grocer"—certainly not out of the running for discipleship, I suppose. This letter is typical—though milder than many—of very many which take the position that if one knows very much about a religious subject he ought not to teach it. In a general way the more he knows the more likely he is to be wrong. Now I regard this as nonsense. If "a little learning is a dangerous thing" it is because it is *little* not because it is *learning*. Of course there is a type of learning which cannot be other than dangerous, that namely which merely delves into the past ignoring the experience of the present. Recently two of the largest Christian bodies in the world refused to unite because their authorities differ as to whether one's sins are forgiven just before baptism (which both agree must be by immersion) or just after baptism. It depends on whether the Greek word *eis* in the New Testament means "unto" or "on account of." So they apparently believe in a world which their kind of a God allows to go on to destruction because, having once told men how to be saved in Greek, he considers it unnecessary to inform them in English either what the Greek means or what the way of salvation is. Lloyd George in discussing this same difference between two Baptist sects in Wales said: "This matter is of vital importance. I would willingly die for my faith if I could only recall which side I am on." I was present some time ago at a meeting of the leaders of the movement in the great American churches toward a general union. It was noteworthy that their discussion was wholly confined to methods of adjusting church machinery; they apparently knew that if they undertook to discuss

the truths of religion or its purposes, they would be lost in a maze of learned authorities—not as to what is true, but as to what the Bible means, or Origen, or John Calvin, or Luther, or Wesley, or some church council. Now I propose that this kind of learning and all mere dependence on authority *is* dangerous. All these problems come up new with every generation. The conclusions of the fathers, whoever they may be should provide stimulus and illumination but not decisions.

This applies to the great teachers as well as to the minor ones. There is a sentimental attitude toward Jesus and his teachings that is fundamentally misleading. At one of our recent general meetings a valued and important minister announced that he "took Jesus as authority." Now as a matter of fact he differs in most of what official Christianity calls essentials, from an overwhelming majority of those who call themselves Christians. Which means that he reads his own opinions into the teachings of the Master, not agreeing with the most noted authorities. So exactly do Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, Protestants, and unassorted Christians generally. No one knows what Jesus meant or even what he said. We see through a glass darkly a great life. A few phrases in a language he did not know, float down to us in various forms. We select what we feel to be true and attribute it to him not because he said it but because he should have said it.

Now if we do this knowingly and with courage, we are on the right track. Jesus and other great teachers are leaders not dictators. Their function is to stimulate the more abundant life, not to show a pattern to be followed or to make statements which shall be used as creeds. It is easy to see how Jesus himself tried to avoid the place which has been forced upon him, since he rarely answered questions otherwise than by asking others or by telling stories. We should get from him the courage to trust our noblest and clearest-thinking selves, and to make the adventures of that trust. There is no third alternative to blind authority on the one hand and the taking of responsibility for decision and conduct on the other. But the latter may be done in half-hearted and cowardly fashion or with courage and enthusiasm. Of course it is vital that we shall be clear headed and not substitute a mere fog of mysticism for the word of authority. Certainly there is an important element in life which is not rational but super-rational; indeed without it as foundation there would be no place for the reason. This element is universal and so deep-seated in our natures that it is not only easily overlooked; but even when noticed it is so commonplace that it may seem unimportant. This which is so vital, is—is it not?—the domain of *values*—the answer to the question "what is worth while?"—I am suggesting to you that the world over, men agree in the fundamental answer to this and differ only on methods of attaining it; presently, however, coming to lay all emphasis on their own method, even to forgetting the end striven for. What we all want in life is something beyond merely being alive, and it cannot be stated in a single word or phrase; it includes such things as happiness, beauty, knowledge, love, friendship, and pleasure—a group of life experiences which bring us content or satisfaction.

The religions of the world have always centered on this problem—how shall we get an abundant life? According to the conditions of the people involved they have given varying and seemingly inconsistent answers. The religions of India, where misery and starvation have been the rule rather than the exception, reach wholly negative answer. Life cannot give satisfaction —it is essentially evil, misery outweighing happiness. Their religion therefore consistently centers on the way out of life rather than on a way of life. With this as a foundation they built up a philosophy and a religion of negation, which however never actually took hold of the life processes of the people, for most men still strove for more abundant life. Reality is deeper than any formulation, and in spite of suffering and misery men found in this deeper life love, light, beauty and truth. Only a few fanatics ever attempted to really live the life of entire negation.

Another of the great world fathers undertook to build on custom. What was already attained was the right and the true. Propriety—the way of the fathers —precedent—was the basis of a religion which has dictated the lives of billions. It made a static civilization; it had much of the value of life but presently it was no more, standing still for a thousand years. Another great religion centered upon the curious pluralism of life and believed its values to be attained only in a great conflict between good and evil, each contesting army led by a great deity and all men taking sides for one or the other.

Europe took all these ideas and fused them with great concepts taken from that people of greatest religious genius, the Hebrews. Thus Christianity adopted the idea that this present life is evil and that the way of greatest good is withdrawal from it so that monasteries and convents took the noblest and best of medieval Christian times. But this was not to get rid of life and its miseries as with the orient, but to attain to them in the highest form beyond death. So the center of life was placed beyond the grave, and the affairs of this world were made to seem unimportant. Also early Christianity adopted the world conflict of God and the Devil and went beyond Persia in regarding this world as the Devil's own. The early Christians also glorified precedent; the future must be cut to pattern. The way of life is certainly known and so only can we attain to its values. Added to this and mingled

inconsistently with it were the great ideas from the Hebrew prophets and from Jesus, the greatest of them. These were essentially that of divine fatherhood, or a friendly world element in human life, the kingdom of God, or a human society based on good-will, and the idea of man as the "servant of God" by whose aid "the kingdom" should be attained. These great ideas had never been very clearly formulated nor fully accepted as a basis for actual living by the Jews, and the Christian fathers ultimately took most of the value out of them by adjusting them to the other elements of their world theory. Thus the fatherliness of God was confined to a small group arbitrarily selected, by methods wholly irrational and unmeaning, while to the rest of mankind no demon could be more unsympathetic and brutal. The kingdom of God was banished from this world to that of a future life, so that man had no active part in "salvation" except that of getting themselves and others into the small chosen group. Man as "the servant" was a *mere* servant blindly obeying arbitrary orders. This was and to a considerable extent is, the Christian Church. It will be seen that it sought the same values as all men have sought, but lost itself in a ponderous and inhuman machine of salvation. In all these thousands of years life has overflowed this machine — vaguely accepting and going through the required motions, men have sought love and beauty and truth and have found them through the church that has frowned on all of them.

Today we have a curious spectacle in the life of men. There is a great crude medieval section in all parts of the world; a backward, bigoted, dictatorial element which tries to force upon men the creeds and formulas of a thousand years ago. Over against these are the men and women of the scientific spirit of the age including a great part of our population, especially its younger element, who know as we all know, what the life values are but do not know the way to get them in largest measure; and are likely to miss them by grabbing right and left for the goods, since they have no clear vision of a general plan for the making of them. Apart from the church the genuine search for the good, the true and the beautiful has gone on. The scientist has devoted himself to the search for truth, the artist to the search for beauty, the statesman for such organization of society as would make possible the greatest possible good; and all of us to appropriating what we can get into our actual lives. So much has been accomplished that we ought now to be able to sort out those elements of life which are "right" and plan an orderly way of life based on a clear vision of what we want to accomplish, worked out in ways appropriate to the kind of a world the scientist has discovered us to live in, and to the kind of people we are and ought to be.

Let us sum up the content of a reasonable religion. It aims at a way of life which will give the most abundant experience to the largest possible number of people. It recognizes that by a revelatory intuition which may be due to the inspeaking voice of a long heredity or in more direct fashion, we know the great values of life for mankind. It welcomes with enthusiasm membership in the race, so that no man is himself alone nor serves himself alone, but is by his higher nature dedicated to the creation of a nobler and better civilization. To this end he turns to that curious double nature which is in all of us—that other self which checks the impulsive, immediate self for a higher good; and this check gives time for that reasonable survey of the probable consequences of our acts, which is the life of reason. It is probably a fact that nine-tenths of our acts are guided aright by the immediate impulse —so well instructed is that mysterious inner life which has grown up so slowly in man. But the other tenth is our world of adventure into the unknown, illuminated but by no means dictated by the past. That element of our mysterious inner life which constantly tends toward the good is what we mean by God—known in part and through a glass darkly, but known in fact, in spirit, and in truth. Our worship is our meditation and formulation of the truth as God gives us to see the truth.

My friends, the static life is the life of materialism. Rocks and rills, and woods and hills approach it. Men and women who hold to the merely accustomed life are the real materialists; however, they gild their materialism with luxurious sensations and emotions which they call "spiritual." To be "spiritual" in any vital fashion is to live vividly and vigorously in the task of bringing good order into our often irrational and chaotic world. The comfortable idler revives from time to time the world-old evasion of life, by claiming that all is good, and evil is illusion, thus emancipating himself from all responsibility for unnecessary misery and disorder. I know no more discreditable item of the last generation than the reappearance and growth of this fungoid element of religion coupled with an unwholesome deification and worship of an ignorant, vulgar and neurotic woman; a cult not Christian and certainly not scientific.

The enormous change in spirit of a single generation even is evidenced by two definitions of religion, one from a liberal and reliable history of religions of a quarter of a century ago, and the other from a recent scientific philosophy. The former says, "religion is the worship of a higher power from a sense of need"; the other, "religion is enthusiasm for the good." The former still implies an imperial deity desiring flattery and servility; the latter a creative vision of that which shall be. To seek the divine vision, and then to project

it into the world as reality is our substitute for the medieval Christian dictatorship of a tyrant God. The atheists among us are those who fail to enter this active partnership with God—those who not only "take things as they are" but are willing to leave them so. Naturally there are likely to be those whose lives are easy and comfortable, and there are many of them among us. Let us in all affection say to them a word of warning. The only outburst of anger recorded in the brief notes we have of the life of Jesus is that aimed at the Pharisees—who were the respectable, comfortable people who lived by precedent, accepted a system which was to their advantage and thanked God they were not as other men. If we are respectable and comfortable in a war-ridden, exploited, unbrotherly world there is something the matter with us. One of the foundation laws of physics is, "action and reaction are equal and opposite." If we are meeting no resistance we are exerting no pressure:—"Woe unto you when all men speak well of you"! How many of our thousands are experiencing reaction which shows them to be genuinely active! We want a friendly, brotherly world based on good will. How many of us are lined up with parties that buy elections, sell special privileges, refuse ordinary human rights to Negroes, deny fair play in the courts to the laborer?—parties that have laid an ugly sewer of corruption from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and beyond with a long procession of once honored names pushed to suicide, to the penitentiary, or to utter cynical depravity and acceptance of the thing that is?—and we sing, "Faith of our fathers—— we will be true to thee till death"!—who among us are true even to slight social disapproval?

We need again among us the old note of heroism, that sounded in the days of beginnings, and if but faintly, during the great war. That note of heroism comes from far back in our Teutonic line in the love of struggle characteristic of the Angles and Saxons and Danes who were the heroes of the Norse Sagas. I hear its echoes now and then among our young folk. I will close on a few great phrases, extravagant with the glorious extravagance of those to whom life and death were alike the great adventures of man.

> Write on your doors the saying wise and old:
> Be bold! Be bold! And everywhere be bold!
> Be not *too* bold!—but better the excess,
> Than the defect, better the more, than less,
> Better, like Hector, on the field to die
> Than like a perfumed Paris, turn and fly.

The Roman officer said to his troops who complained that the enemy had larger swords:

> If your sword is too short, take a step forward!

Two verses of one of the old sagas—

> With a short-shafted hammer smites conquering Thor—
> Frey's sword but an ell long hath he.
> 'Tis enough—art thou brave? Then go close to thy foe
> And too short shall thy blade never be!
>
> When the storm is abroad, hoist the sail to the top!
> Never flinch though the wind blows a gale.
> Let her go! Let her go! They are cowards who furl
> Rather founder, than take in your sail!

We have the choice of fair weather if we conform to this world; we will have storms if we begin to be citizens of the world that ought to be.

JESSE H. HOLMES.

Jottings

Calvin Coolidge, writing after the recent election, says, "The country will survive." This is the stout word of assurance needed! Until we read Coolidge's statement, we were all in the dumps at what we thought was the immediate prospect of the disappearance of the Republic.

The United States is perhaps the only western nation which has no Socialists in its national legislature. Is this because we are so educated—or so ignorant?

The London *Times,* referring to an address by the Editor of UNITY in denunciation of British policy in Palestine, speaks of "John Haynes Holmes, the well-known *Irish* preacher of New York." When we make our next speech on India, we shall expect to be described as "the well-known Hindu agitator." All of which is flattering to our cosmopolitan interest and pride!

Hoover and MacDonald met together to celebrate the christening of their administrations. They had better get ready now to meet again, to celebrate the obsequies.

These child-marriages are terrible things. In one city alone, last year, 469 children left school at ages varying from twelve to sixteen years in order to marry. Surely a people who will tolerate such practises as this are not fit for self-government. Yet they *have* self-government in the city in question, which is New York!

A famous rich man died in New York the other day, and the obituaries described him as a "capitalist and sportsman." This reminded us of the bridegroom we once married who described his "occupation" on the marriage license as "investor." How useful some people are in the world!

J. H. H.

Scraps from a Paris Diary

Positivism, the Religion of Humanity, Founded by Auguste Comte Three-quarters of a Century Ago —Is It Dead, or Just Born?

Paris, June 11.—The first thing I noticed after our arrival at the Hotel Select was the beautiful statue, almost directly in front of the hotel, in what is known as Place de la Sorbonne. It fronts Boulevard St. Michael and it has for its background the beautiful facade of the Sorbonne chapel, made famous for its associations with Cardinal Richeleu. The chapel forms part of the Sorbonne University which is built around an open court and occupies a whole city block. One entrance to the chapel faces the court.

The first thing after breakfast I went out and copied the inscription on the monument. Few French characters have interested me more than Auguste Comte and I wonder if some elective affinity led me to a hotel facing his statue. Years ago my brother, when a student at Williams College, became much interested in Positivism, and his talk about it interested me. Edward King in New York was the moving spirit who initiated anniversary meetings in that city celebrating some certain dates in the Positivists calendar. I used to receive notices of these anniversary meetings, but never was able to attend one.

The monument is of white marble and consists of a pedestal and column surmounted by a bust of Comte. On one side of the column is the figure of a young student, seated, and in the pose of a thinker. One arm rests on a book. On the other side of the column is the figure of a woman holding a babe to her breast, and in one hand she has a pen.

On the front of the monument is Comte's name and the dates of his birth and death, 1798-1857. Other inscriptions are the Positivists' mottos, which being translated read: "Order and Progress, Live for Others, Family, Country, and Humanity." "This monument was erected on the initiative of Pierre Lafitte by an international subscription."

June 17. Received a letter from Dr. Potter, of New York, the leader of the Humanist Society. He promised to send me an address of some group of religious liberals which he thought could be found in Paris, but he writes that the address which used to appear in the Unitarian Year Book has been dropped out and he infers there is no organized liberal religious movement now in Paris.

I asked Dr. Holmes if he knew of any organized liberal religious movement here and he said he did not since the passing away of the Rev. Charles Wagner, author of "The Simple Life." I wonder if Dr. Potter knows how many striking similarities there are between modern Humanism, as he and some Unitarian ministers expound it, and the religion of Positivism, and I wonder if he knows how much is left in Paris of the movement which Comte started.

June 18. Searching my guide-book for references to Auguste Comte, I found two interesting addresses, one 25 Rue Paynne, and the other 10 Rue Monsieur le Prince. On Rue Paynne is the Positivist chapel. I visited it today and made a pen and ink sketch of the exterior. It is on a quaint old street on which may be found some of the noted mansions of a hundred years ago; and the house is an interesting specimen of these old mansions. The front is of marble and stucco. There is a marble bust of Comte over the doorway. On a tablet over the bust is this inscription: "The Religion of Humanity, Love the Principle, Order the Base, Progress the Aim." The chapel is popularly supposed to be in the house in which Madame de Vaux lived and died, but I am told that in fact she lived in the house next door. Comte formed an extravagant fondness for her. Their friendship was intimate and he declared that she inspired some of his best work in connection with the religious side of his philosophy.

The house was purchased in 1903 by Teixceiro Mendes of Rio de Janiero, a man of wealth, and one of the founders of the Positivist movement in Brazil. After buying the house he furnished it and fitted up the chapel on the second floor. Its walls are covered with Positivist mottos and a number of mural paintings representing Comte himself, Madam de Vaux and various persons whose achievements are celebrated in the Positivist Calendar, among them Homer, Moses, Aristotle, Caesar, St. Paul, Charlemagne, Archimedes, Frederick the Great, Descartes, Shakespeare, and Dante.

June 20. Investigated today the other address which I found in my guide book at 10 Rue Monsier le Prince. Here I met M. Rousseau. This house contains the apartments where Comte spent his latter days and where he died. Everything has been kept as nearly as possible in the condition in which it was at the time of his death. I saw the desk where he worked, many of his manuscripts, and his library. He wrote in a small, fine hand, but every letter is formed as distinctly as though it were copper plate.

Here I met M. Paul Carneiro, a Brazilian, who told me that the Positivist movement was strong in that country, and that there were a chain of societies there holding weekly services. He showed me a picture of the Positivist meeting house in Rio Janiero, an imposing building which one might almost take for a cathedral.

Here also I saw a photograph of the Positivist Church at Liverpool, a large, handsome building. This is now the only place where Positivist meetings are regularly held in England, although at one time there were several societies holding meetings, one in London, where at one time Frederick Harrison delivered weekly addresses.

M. Rousseau gave me an interesting pamphlet containing an account of the dedication of the Positivist chapel, in 1903, with the addresses delivered on that occasion. There were representatives present from Spain, Chili, Haiti, England, Portugal, Brazil, Paraguay, Holland, Russia, Turkey and China.

The Positivists hold no regular meetings in Paris at the present time, but the building at 10 rue Monsieur le Prince is undergoing extensive repairs and improvements on the first floor, where is to be fitted up an assembly room and where it is hoped regular services may be held.

June 22. Today the Positivists held a most interesting anniversary meeting at the Sorbonne chapel. There was a fine musical program and addresses by a number of Sorbonne *professeurs*.

September 5. Today I joined with a group of Positivists in a pilgrimage to Pierre LaChaise Cemetery, where the tombs of Comte and Madame de Vaux were decorated with flowers, and where an address was delivered by M. Caneiro. It was the 73d anniversary of Comte's death.

I went in company with August Paul Edger, who is the executive secretary of one of the Positivist organizations known as "The Friends of Auguste Comte," with headquarters at 2 Rue Servandoni. After the return from the cemetery a number of the Positivists met at the Voltaire Restaurant for luncheon. It is situated not far from the Comte house, and Comte often visited this restaurant around which cluster many interesting historic associations. The Positivists here presented me with a questionnaire and furnished me with an interpreter. Many questions were asked about the liberal movement in America, particularly about the extent to which Humanism had made its way into the Unitarian churches, and about Dr. Potter's independent movement. I answered as well as I could.

The Positivists maintain a publication known as the *International Positivist Review.* Emile Corra is the editor and his office is at 54 Rue de Seine. I called twice at his office but did not succeed in meeting him. He is 82 years old.

I have several times visited the American library where I found one volume of a translation of Comte's philosophical works, made by Harriet Martineau. I am told that all the English translations of Comte's works are out of print. Harriet Martineau, I think, translated some four or five volumes, but the American library did not have the complete set. Paris Positivists are in hopes that the interest in Humanism in America may lead someone to take up a project for a new translation and publication in English of Comte's principal works. I found at the American library a number of interesting magazine articles on Positivism, together with a work by H. J. Bridges and several books by Frederick Harrison.

Some persons investigating Positivists in Paris might think they were finding only the relics of a dead or dying religion, but I remember that Comte said that several centuries would pass before there would come to be any wide-spread acceptance of the religion for whose foundations he labored. While the number of persons who have attached themselves to the various Positivist organizations in Paris is comparatively small, yet the work that Comte did is recognized, known and appreciated by a large number of persons. Those of a Liberal faith and of no particular religious faith in Paris far outnumber those attached to the Catholic Church.

September 6. A Positivist today gave me a definition of Positivism so excellent and so brief that I will write it out here as nearly as I can remember it:

"Positivism is a religion based on science, excluding the mystical and the supernatural. It aims to inspire, by appeal to the emotional nature, an earnest enthusiasm for the application of all the discoveries of scientific knowledge and research to the improvement of the life of man on this planet. It is simply a using of science to promote human happiness."

I must write down this to the credit of Positivism. My observation is that it seems to produce a high type of character. The Positivists I have met have been men of intellectual charm together with conscientiousness, frankness, and courtesy. CHESTER C. PLATT.

Thoughts of Tolstoy

[*Selections from Tolstoy's "Readings for Every Day" here published for the first time in English*]

VIII

1

The first and grossest sin is the sin of indulging the body. This is a sin because to indulge the body cannot give man happiness. The life of man is not in the body, but in the spirit.

2

One must serve the body only when it demands service, and not when one has to devise ways of indulging it. To devise pleasures for the body means to live inside out: not to make the body serve the spirit, but the spirit the body.

3

It is possible to suffer only in the body; the spirit does not know suffering. The weaker the spiritual life, the more intense is the suffering. And, therefore, if you do not wish to suffer, live more in the soul and less in the body.

4

It is harmful to indulge the body, both because it is never satisfied, but always wants more; and because the more you serve it the more it demands—so that you can never catch up with it.

5

It is said in the Gospel: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." If a man looks on his body as his treasure, then he will spend his strength on providing tasty food, comfortable quarters, fine clothing and all kinds of pleasure for his body. And the more strength he spends on the body, the less remains to him for the life of the spirit.

6

If a man spends all his strength on the life of the body and not of the spirit, he is like a bird which would walk from place to place on its weak legs, instead of flying where it needs to, on its wings.

7

The unreasoning child cries and screams until the needs of his body are satisfied; and as soon as they are satisfied, he grows quiet and asks for nothing more. But not so with grown people when they place their life not in the spirit, but in the body. Such people never grow quiet. They always need something more.

8

The habit of luxury is an obvious mistake, a sin, and even poor calculation. It is poor calculation because the more you need for your body the more you have to labor with that very body, the better to feed, clothe and house it. This mistake is unnoticed only by such people as can arrange, by one deception or another, to have other people work for them. So that, for the rich, this is not only poor calculation, but a downright evil deed.

9

The science of physicians, now so widespread, is a clear symptom of the sin of indulging the body, which holds our world in its grasp. This science, with all its craftiness, mistakes, errors and deceptions, arose and developed from the common sin of indulging the body. People say: "We want to live, contrary to the law of our life, for indulgence of the body, and we desire that there should be no harmful consequences from this." And medicine says: "This is possible. We have done this, we are doing it, and we shall do it."

IX

1

From the sin of indulging the body there arises another sin—that of laziness and idleness.

Without labor man cannot live. If man did not work, he would die of hunger and want. Everyone sees this. But if a man, while not working, does not die and does not exist on alms, but lives in luxury, it means that, either by trickery or force, he takes away from others what they have made.

2

If you work much for others, then do not weary of such work and do not desire praise for it; but know that your labor, if you do it lovingly for others, is above all profitable for your soul.

3

There is nothing bad in entertainments.

But entertainments are not good when they require preparations and when the people who labor over the preparations do not participate in the entertainments.

4

All people of the well-to-do classes (and this is not a simile but a description of fact) grow up and are educated in a nest of brigands. And only when they grow up and look about them do they understand where they are, and by what they are profiting. And just here begin differing attitudes toward this situation. Some frankly join the brigands and rob; others, while not approving of it, think that they have a right to profit from the robbery because of their imaginary and unnecessary concern for those who are being robbed; still others are indignant and want to destroy the nest of brigands, but they are weak and few. There is one remedy: to know that this is a nest of brigands and not take part in it.

5

Alms-giving is a good deed only when one gives from the fruit of his own labor. The proverb says: A dry hand is stingy, a sweaty hand is generous. And likewise in the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" it is said: Let thine alms go forth from thy hand in the sweat thereof.

X

1

Jesus Christ taught thus of sexual intercourse:

"It was said unto you," he said, referring to the words of the law of Moses, "Thou shalt not commit adultery. But I say unto you that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." (Matthew V, 27-28.)

These words mean that, according to the teaching of Christ, a man should above all try to be chaste; and that if he can be entirely chaste, then this is best of all.

2

As it is mistaken and sinful to regard nourishment as a pleasure; even so, but yet more mistaken and sinful is it to regard sexual lust as a pleasure. As soon as one looks on nourishment as a pleasure, there arise from it more hardship and suffering than joy, both for oneself and for others. Just so with sexual lust: as soon as one looks on this thing as a pleasure, instead of joy there comes every sort of misery; and, worst of all, injury to the soul of him or her with whom one has intercourse; and often ruin for those children who are born of such a union.

3

One might think that the craving for marriage and child-bearing exists in people because, feeling that they have not the power to realize the will of God in themselves, they hope to realize it in their children. One can see this thought confirmed in the fact that the lower a man stands spiritually, the greater is his craving for sexual intercourse, and *vice versa*.

4

Marriage is a union of a man and a woman in which they mutually promise that, should they have children, it will only be by each other.

5

Do not forget that you never were and never will be entirely chaste in thought, even if in deed, but that you are on a certain stage of the way which approaches chastity. And, therefore, never be despondent on this way. In moments of temptation, even in moments of downfall, say to yourself: I fall, but I loathe my falling, and I know that even though not now, still at a later time the victory will rest not with the body but with me, with the real spiritual me.

6

If, as happens amongst us, a man takes delight in sexual intercourse, even though in marriage, then he inevitably falls into depravity. And, therefore, people —both men and women—should strive toward complete chastity, and all will turn out as it should.

XI

1

The carnal sins of gluttony, laziness, idleness, lust are bad in themselves. But carnal sins are especially bad in that they give rise to the worst of all sins—malevolence, the hatred of men toward men.

2

If a man set his happiness in gratification of the body—in gluttony, idleness, lust—then such a man will always be at enmity with people; because that which he needs, others also need.

3

We are angry with people only when we live in the body and not in the soul. The soul is one and the same in all people. How can it be angry with itself?

4

You think that he with whom you are angry is your enemy, but your chief enemy is that anger of yours toward your brother, which has settled down into your heart. And therefore, make peace as soon as possible with this enemy, stifle in yourself this feeling which tortures you.

5

Without love it is possible to deal only with inanimate things. One can cut trees, make bricks, forge iron without love; but with people it is impossible to deal without love, just as it is impossible to deal with bees without caution. The nature of bees is such that if you begin to deal with them without caution, you will harm both them and yourself. Just so with people.

If you do not feel love toward people, sit quietly, attend to yourself, work with inanimate things, with whatever you like—but only not with people. Once allow yourself to deal with people without love, and before you have time to look round, you will become a beast—not a man; and you will harm people and torture yourself.

6

There is an infatuation of malevolence, of seeking out accusations against that man toward whom one is ill-disposed. And, therefore, one must refrain from beating up in himself such a froth of malevolence, one must fear to set up a sour breeding place of hate.

7

We often do not see people's good deeds. And we do not see them because we dislike those people. This is a great mistake. In order to get rid of this painful feeling of dislike toward a man, exactly the opposite is necessary: we must see and especially appreciate all the good in that man whom we dislike.

8

You should neither particularly despise nor particularly revere any man. If you despise a man, you do not appreciate that good which is in him. If you revere a man too much, you will demand too much of him. The just relationship to every man is, not to exalt him as a separate, physical being, but to respect him as a spiritual being, of the same substance as God and as myself.

9

The Buddhists say that every sin arises from stupidity. This is true of all sins, and especially of malevolence. The fisherman or the bird-catcher is angry at the fish or the bird because he failed to catch it. And I am angry at a man because he fails to do for me that which I would desire of him, but instead does for himself that which he finds needful. Is this not, indeed, equally stupid?

[To be continued]

Rabindranath Tagore's Ashram

Many years ago a wealthy landlord (Zamindar) of Bengal was being borne in a palanquin through a tract of country notorious for its dacoits. Suddenly the bearers put down the palanquin under a *chatim* tree, and despite the expostulations of the Zamindar who wanted to get out of this dangerous district as soon as possible, dispersed ostensibly for a drink of water. The Zamindar realized that he had been trapped. He looked about to see if he could find protection anywhere, but as far as eye could reach there was no sign of life, hardly of vegetation—over the barren heath stretching to the dim horizon, only a deathlike silence reigned.

Now this Zamindar was much spoken of in Bengal not only as a wealthy man but as the Great Seer, the man who had stood face to face with God. As he felt his last moments approach, he set his mind on the Ineffable One on whom he had so often meditated. When the dacoit leader came with the palanquin-bearers who had gone to call him, he found the Zamindar plunged in a deep meditation, a wonderful light of peace on his face. Instead of killing him, the man fell on his knees and begged forgiveness for his evil intention. This is not a fairy-tale, but a wonderful page from the book of truth. The Zamindar frequently came and meditated under the *chatim* tree on the lonely heath. He built a guest-house here, and planted a few trees around it, and it was here that his son Rabindranath Tagore, years later, was to found the institution which is now world-famous as an educational experiment and a place where east and west may learn to know each other a little better.

While Rabindranath was still a child, the thought-killing, loyalty-manufacturing system of Anglo-Indian education had already cast its spell on a country taught from time immemorial to approach knowledge with a reverence almost ludicrous to the modern mind, and starved for it through the unsettled period following upon the dissolution of the empire of the Moghuls. His mind however refused to be bulldozed by its alleged blessings, and the suffering that it inflicted on the boy bore fruit in the man's resolve to provide for the child-mind of his country, an environment free from the philistine tyranny of dead souls, and from control by a foreign government. The plan had already been constituted an ashram by his father, and in making his educational venture he naturally went for inspiration to what was still alive in the old ideal of the ashram. The old ashrams, set in the inviolate quietudes of nature, were dedicated to learning and meditation, but many of these took upon themselves to teach boys and girls. Not only literature and mathematics and the sciences of the day, but even more—diffused through a subtly powerful atmosphere—gentleness, and love of truth, and a deep deep reverence for life, not only in its manifestation in humanity but in the animals and birds and plants, the "little brothers" on whom the inmates of the ashram poured forth their love so spontaneously. It would be well to bear in mind that these men and women did not choose education as the best of many professions which one may take to for a livelihood, or even for sheer love of teaching. They were not out to teach, but to *live*. They were a community with a very special life of their own, and they took in children to share their life with them. And so they really taught in an atmosphere alive with the truths they sought to communicate to their pupils.

I need, here, to guard the reader from falling into the error of thinking that Rabindranath's purpose was to revive the old ashram. Far from it. He was well aware that education had made great strides since the days of the old ashrams and he was determined to give his boys and girls the best education he could afford, single-handed as he was, and with his very restricted means. His poet's distaste for the cramping indignities of class-rooms and of the city that forced upon children a sterile isolation from the life of sky and water, bird and flower and leaf, was acted upon by the very limited means at his disposal, so that there was no question of a school in the city. He began with just four boys, and held his classes under a tree—as classes are still held in our school. Gradually the number of his pupils increased and he was compelled to charge fees, although at first he had striven not only to give education free, but to clothe and feed his pupils as did the old Indian teachers. But he had to face a good deal of opposition. Temperamentally against all forms of asceticism; against the exaltation of the next

world at the expense of this; against the glorification of barren survivals of the old life, and all rules of conduct founded on a puritan distrust of human nature, his ashram was looked upon and is still looked upon with suspicion by the orthodox, by the narrow-minded moralists of certain so-called reform groups, and by those who dislike his politics as being too radical or not radical enough, as the case may be. Consequently, the history of this institution has been and still continues to be a succession of battles with a penury that threatens, every few years, to overwhelm it altogether. Co-education, extended a few years ago to the collegiate department, is looked upon with grave disfavor by the orthodox, both without and within the ashram. This is the first and the only institution in India to champion the joy of life based on aesthetic appreciation of refined simplicity without asceticism, and of beauty without indulgence and love of comfort. Our students are taught to rise early—at five in the morning, slightly earlier or later as the season demands—and to clean out their dormitories. The boys have a cold bath at a well enclosed for the purpose with roofless walls. Follows a ten-minutes' general silence and the chanting of a sanskrit mantra or invocation, before morning "tea"—they don't get any tea. Follows a devotional song—I steer clear of the word "hymn" because of its associations—before commencement of classes at half-past six. No formal religious instruction is given. Once a week the poet—and in his absence somebody else—speaks on some aspect of the religious life of man. Before he speaks the girls sing a devotional song. At this stage the children of the infant section may leave if they choose—and a good many generally do so choose! The boys of the collegiate department too are free to attend or not to attend these weekly discourses which fill many precious volumes. Some of these—by no means the best—supplied the subject-matter of his book, "Sadhana."

Every evening, after play, at the twilight-hour, sacred to the dreaming, peace-loving heart of our old civilization—for is it not the auspicious hour of the marriage of the light and the dark?—a deep silence enfolds the little figures of the boys seated with legs crossed, on their *asans,* for their ten minutes of meditative silence. Most of them succeed in sitting out the time without fidgetting, even though the restless thoughts are not stilled; a few play with their hands, or, with their fingers, trace figures on the sand, and these are not admonished or remonstrated with; and here and there one may see the tense posture and set features of a boy who is girding his loins at the ancestral discipline of stilling the hide-and-seek of a discouraged but persistent procession of images or ideas in the mind.

The day's work ends, as it begins, with song. The approaching or fading voices of a band of singers being the last sounds that reach the ear before the far white silence of the moonlight or the nearer silence of the foliaged darkness throws its mantle over the generally peaceful day.

As to sports, football has always been the favorite game, and it is now supplemented by badminton and cricket, and tennis among the older boys. Both boys and girls are now being taught the use of the *lathi* or quarter-staff, and the dagger. The latter is specially popular among the girls of the school and the college, who also play badminton and indigenous games. The boys occasionally play our own games.

No account of this institution would be complete without at least a mention of the joy in nature and poetry, in dance and in song, which one breathes in, if I may so express it, with the very air here. The poet has written and set to music about fifteen hundred songs and many of these are of such exquisite delicacy and beauty that he has expressed the opinion that his songs will live on in the hearts of his countrymen long after all his voluminous works have been forgotten. Our boys and girls take a natural pride in knowing his latest songs as they are composed. The advent of the seasons is generally celebrated with festival and made the occasion for acting plays in which there is music and singing and, it may be, dancing. There is always enthusiasm for acting. It would take up too much space to describe one of these events but anyone who has witnessed them would testify to the happiness of the boys and their developed capacity for enjoying themselves. I think we have been fairly successful in not inhibiting their spontaneous instincts for healthy enjoyment. They are made to feel that their creative efforts are appreciated. They run magazines profusely illustrated by themselves, containing many poems and short stories, which are much in evidence at the weekly meetings of the various literary clubs when songs too are sung by boys and girls. They look after their own discipline in most things, and we find that on the whole they do it satisfactorily. It becomes difficult sometimes to maintain the balance between freedom and healthy discipline, but in this as in other practical application of our ideal of education, we are constantly on the watch against slackness and against beguiling ourselves into the belief that we have solved our problems.

Santinchetan, India. J. J. VAKEL.

Trumpets on New Horizons

For All of Life

We bow with gratitude
For knowledge which is ours;
Rivers of thought flowing too deep for words
Flood the meadows of the soul,
Where tolerance shall blossom as a fragrant flower,
Sympathy a healing herb;
Love and charity shall never fail with friendly shade
In the hot glare of ingratitude;
Hope shall light the meadows with her stars,
And faith abide
By streams that overflow with thanksgiving
For all the ways of life.

MARTHA LINSLEY SPENCER

Persons of Leisure

From lounge to shop in fluttering haste they flee,
From bridge to dinner-club, from play to ball,
Frantic lest they have time or thought to see
The pit of emptiness beneath it all.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ

The Coward

He spun
Cocoons of smug
Beliefs about his mind
And never knew the whipping winds
Of truth.

COLETTE WAGNER BURNS

And Light Is Life

God set the candled sun on one far ledge
Of His vast house, a clarion call and pledge
Infinity would bless a truant earth
With day and shadow. What fulfilling worth
Far wisdom deemed this dust to make light flame
Until its glow through atmosphere reclaim
From roots sky-lifted branches harped by winds.
So mortals proudly rise above their sins,
As roses bud, who hear their Gardener's hail
And on the thorn-pricked word unfold petal.

This feast of life! Such brief remembering
Are splendid friends and triumph. Love can bring
Us into unknown heights, for human need
Makes us pursue to satisfy and feed
Its hunger. Thus mind kindles fire to build
Desires, and learning is a light which willed
Earth's beauty stay the heart's dread loneliness.

So anyone who loves the great and less
Of naked desert vastness, mountain cool,
Deep peace of virgin forest, dark pebbled pool,
A steep far hill-top climb, swift-running brook,
Deserted hollow or a shady nook . . . .
Will know how to climb up the cliffs of soul,
And be sky-visioned. There, meet every goal
With steadfast living breath of conquering song
Nor ask applause.

Enough to just belong
As common ground, where all life's beauty praise
In thicket, bud or tune, existent ways;
That with great thrift love disinherit strife
To light a way to God. And light is life.

H. RAYNESFORD MULDER

The Study Table

A General Speaks Up!

General Crozier was one of the most efficient and successful general-officers in the World War. He fought hard and long at the head of British troops, earned something of a reputation for being "hard-boiled" because of his rigorous discipline and iron nerve, and emerged from the conflict with distinction and honor. In this book* of personal confessions we see him exactly as he is—a man whose business is war, who is ready when the fight is on to sacrifice anything and everything for victory, who stands ready to serve his country and go into the next war when it comes along, but a man who cherishes no soft and silly illusions about war, who knew it to be not a thing of gallantry and valor but the sum of all that is wicked, horrible and mean, and who thinks that if war is not gotten rid of, the race deserves to die for its viciousness and folly. Here at least is one soldier who hates his trade, knows it to be damnable, and would destroy it forever.

The title of the book is no idle boast. Gen. Crozier is one of those exceptional officers who believes that he should never ask his men to do what he is not willing to do himself. So this commander was no headquarters loafer. He threw thousands of men away, under orders from higher up, on useless attacks on German strongholds; he spared no lives, flinched at no blood-letting. But when on a certain occasion he sent seven hundred men into a fight from which seventy men returned, he was himself the first man over the top and the last man back in the trenches. When he wanted exact information about the German lines, he crawled into "No Man's Land" on his own stomach and made observations with his own eyes. He seems to have lived in the trenches, and thus shared their lives with his men. All of which he tells simply, modestly, without a boastful word or a vaunting gesture, as a background of authority from which to speak. He knew the Great War above and below, at headquarters and at the front, on the training-ground, in the camp, and in the battle. His indictment of it, terrible beyond compare, is therefore an unanswerable charge. If never before, we now know from these pages that the Great War was the wickedest crime in history.

Gen. Crozier confesses that when the War came in 1914, he was glad. "Dug-out officers," he says, "more particularly senior ones, welcomed war. To them came power and pay, without any danger." A wholesome thing, this, to remember when we look at our own military men! But, he goes on, "I am now chastened, as I have seen the suffering."

What seems to have impressed him, in his four years of experience in service, was not so much the physical as the moral aspects of the phenomenon. War killed men's bodies, of course. But it also warped their minds and ruined their souls. The pages of this book have their full share of horrors—in this there is nothing new. But they are weighted also with such tales of demoralization and degeneracy as I have never read elsewhere. Wine and women—this is the constant picture! Crozier had no use for either. He was a total abstainer himself; happily married, he abhorred the very thought of sexual indulgence. But in these matters, as in all others, he is a realist. He refuses to dodge facts, or to fool himself with moonshine. "He who hopes to wage war without wine and women," he writes, "is living in a fool's paradise, for there are no half-measures in war, try as one will."

A thousand shocking facts are set down in this book in the most matter-of-fact way imaginable. In the first few months of the War, Gen. Crozier was a training officer in Ireland. He tells exactly what military training in war-time really is — the deliberate process of dehumanizing men, in the shortest space of time, and turning them into savages.

He tells us that the death penalty at the front is absolutely necessary—that war cannot be fought without it. Unless the soldiers are more afraid of what is behind them than what is before, they can never be held to the fight.

> I should be very sorry (says this experienced officer) to command the finest army in the world on active service without the power behind me which the fear of execution brings.

He then describes the shooting of a man who slept on post—one of the most pitiful pages in all the war literature of our time! And he says, laconically,

> This is war. . . . Those who wish to abolish the death sentence for cowardice and desertion in war should aim at a higher mark and strive to abolish war itself.

He states frankly that German prisoners were killed.

> The British soldier (he writes) is a kindly fellow . . . seldom oversteps the mark of barbaric propriety, save occasionally to kill prisoners he cannot be bothered to escort back to his lines.

Gen. Crozier hates the newspapers for keeping the War going after it should have ended. He hates

*"A Brass Hat in No Man's Land," by Gen. F. P. Crozier. Published by Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Youths Renounce War

In Dramatic Armistice Eve Ritual Prominent Clergy Consecrate Young Men and Women to Peace

On Monday, November 10, at 5:30 o'clock, the steps of International House, 124th street and Riverside Drive, New York City, were the stage of an impressive ceremony. The War Resisters' League (Jessie W. Hughan, secretary, 171 West 12th St., N. Y.) used Armistic Eve for the commemoration of those who died in the Great War and the dedication of young men and women to the abolition of all future wars. International House, the home of students from all parts of the globe, fittingly extended its hospitality for an unusual and picturesque scene.

A liturgical service with bugle calls and responses was conducted by Rev. Edmund B. Chaffee, of the Labor Temple. Rev. Sidney Goldstein, of the Free Synagogue, addressing those of Hebrew birth, recalled the prophetic vision of his race. He then read Article 1 of the Briand-Kellogg Peace Treaty, calling first upon American citizens present to reaffirm their government's renunciation and outlawry of war.

A group of foreign students introduced a picturesque note by raising their national flags in response to Rabbi Goldstein's call upon the signatory nations. Taps were sounded when Dr. Chaffee asked the crowd to bare their heads in memory both of the soldier dead, and of those heroes who suffered, and in some instances died, because their consciences forbade them to fight in the Great War.

The Rev. Albert Parker Fitch, of the Park Avenue Presbyterian Church, then proceeded to the dedication of a group of young men and women who made a declaration of their absolute intention neither to take part in, nor to support any future war, civil or international. A ceremonial with lighted torches dramatized this, the high point of the occasion.

The American War Resisters' League is affiliated with the War Resisters' International with branches in forty countries, Runham Brown, of Enfield, England, secretary. John Haynes Holmes is chairman of the American Council, among whom are Haywood Broun, Frank Olmstead, Truda Weil, Dr. Henry Neumann, Tracy Mygatt, Frances Witherspoon, Devere Allen, Rev. Leon R. Land, Kathleen Sayre, William Floyd, and Clarence Senior.

The Federal Council on Thanksgiving

The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America was summed up through its commission on international justice and good-will under eight "points" what it considers "grounds for thanksgiving".

The points are as follows:

"1. Fifty-seven nations have made official pledges to each other never to resort to war and always to seek the solution of their controversies only by peaceful means. These pledges put international relations on a new foundation and establish a new moral basis for peace programs and for patriotism in each land. The honor of the nations is committed to effective peace programs. The importance of these commitments can hardly be exaggerated. They can create a new era, provided the people hold their respective governments morally responsible for strict observance of the commitments.

"2. The London naval conference was the first outstanding effort to give practical effect to the world peace pact. The gains for peace, while considerably less than hoped for, were real. A six-year naval holiday for battleships was agreed to and nine of these ships are to be scrapped. Limitations were agreed upon by the United States, Great Britain and Japan for cruisers, destroyers and submarines. Dangerous naval competition between the three nations was thus curtailed, and with this result mutual confidence and good-will should grow.

"3. The London Naval Treaty has been ratified by two of the three nations concerned, the United States and Great Britain, notwithstanding the opposition of big navy advocates in each land.

"The principle of holding international conferences for dealing with menacing situations has been strength-

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the politicians and war ministers, and finds satisfaction in the fact that these responsible malefactors will be the first to be killed in the next war by bombing. And he pays his grateful salutation to the churches.

The Christian Churches (he says) are the finest blood-lust creators which we have, and of them we made free use.

It is not surprising that Gen. Crozier's book is a sensation in England. Commanding officers do not usually tell the truth like this! But this man has a conscience as well as a sword, and he had to make his peace with humanity.

The Great War (he concludes) was the S. O. S. danger signal to civilization. If we ignore that S. O. S. and the lessons of war, civilization is doomed.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Book Notice

Mrs. Brown's biography of Grandmother Brown* was the winner of the Atlantic Monthly's $5,000 prize. It was printed serially in the Monthly and in book form has already gone through printing after printing. It is the simple story of a woman who lived one hunded years. She did no great thing. She believed a woman's lot was to be a wife, a mother, a home-maker. She had pronounced views upon most subjects and expressed them with clearness and conviction. Her story was taken down as she herself told it, by her daughter-in-law. Grandmother Brown died soon after, at the age of one hundred and one years and nine months. Such a story is interesting for various reasons. Any biography, simply and directly presented, finds readers. In the present case, the interest is largely in the changes which the subject had seen in the life, the society and the religion of the world in which she lived. Her life really spanned our national history. As a descendant of the old New England stock, born in the then West, spending most of her life in the new Middle West, she represents that pioneer who supplied the stuff of that which we consider the truest Americanism. Such a record as she has left has a lesson for all Americans. To me personally the book is chiefly interesting because Grandmother Brown lived to the hundred years. She is a refutation of the claim sometimes made that no person lives to that age. Thoms in his famous study of Longevity is almost committed to such a theory; before he finished his work he was grudgingly compelled to admit a few exceptions. It is true that most persons who claim to be centenarians are in error. Out of the scores of such claimants who are presented in the newspapers every year few will bear investigation. Most of them are ignorant immigrants, or equally ignorant Negroes or Indians, who can present no valid evidence for their claims. But, among the people of this sturdy American stock—intelligent, self-respecting, possessing family records of which they are almost unduly proud—there is little chance of error. One feels confident that Grandmother Brown lived her full century. So too of Susannah Crossman, of William Lamey, of Isaac Taylor, of Emily Howland—all of whom lived out their hundred years in a single county of New York State—one feels no doubt. It was a fine old stock—it produced many sturdy and enduring men and women, who lived good and wholesome lives. The future will hardly produce anything better; fortunate will it be if it can maintain the equal.

FREDERICK STARR.

*Grandmother Brown's One Hundred Years, 1827-1927. Harriet Connor Brown. Boston: 1930. Little, Brown and Co. 8 vo. pp. xx.369. Price, $3 net.

ened. Herein lies the hope for permanent peace.

"5. Signature by the United States of the protocols providing for American membership in the World Court brings that important step distinctly nearer. This signature, however, to become effective, must first be ratified by the Senate.

"6. The adoption by the nations of Europe of the Young plan for dealing with Germany's reparations and debt payments has completed the settlement of Europe's acute post-war problems. An international bank for handling the payments has been set up, taking these problems out of politics. The complete withdrawal of all French troops of occupation from German soil is the first notable result of the Young 'liquidation of the war.' A serious cause of resentment and indignation in the relations of Germany and France has thus been removed.

"7. Plans are under way to bring the League of Nations Covenant into agreement with the World Peace Pact excluding war as a method for coercing a treaty-breaking nation. The statesmen of Europe and of the United States are thus coming to a common mind on the fundamentals of world peace.

"8. The Church of Christ in America, as in other lands, through prophetic utterance and through the processes of education, are registering their influence against war and for the strengthening of the institutions of peace."

Dr. Starr Back From the Orient

Frederick Starr has returned from a seven months' trip to the Orient. He left Seattle by the President Lincoln on March 22, having in charge a small party of tourists. Landing at Yokohama on April 4, the party made the usual round of the show places of Japan ending at Kobe on April 20, from which date Professor Starr pursued his work independently. It is possible to mention but a few of his activities. On April 25 he was an honor guest of the Shinko-Yamato-e-kai at its annual exhibition. He has been much interested in this small group of able artists, who are attempting to revive the art of Japan of a thousand years ago and to apply it to present-day use. On May 5, he was present at the unveiling of a portrait monument in his honor at the Oriental Folk Museum at Ayameike in Nara-Ken. He spent the two months between May 16 and July 14 in Korea, where he studied conditions and the present situation. While every courtesy was shown him by the Chosen government, his investigations were entirely independent and unhampered. From Seoul as a center he made trips in all directions, even to Kainei in the extreme northeast, crossing into Manchuria. He spent several days in Kongo-San (the Diamond Mountains) —this time in the Inner Kongo; in 1917 he visited the Outer Kongo. He was in Inner Kongo of July 4, when the torrential rains began which caused wide spread loss and destruction during the following three weeks. Returning to Japan proper on July 15, he headquartered at Tokyo until October 21, making various trips out to different parts of the country. Although he had determined to do no public speaking, Professor Starr accepted a few invitations, giving eight addresses in Korea and as many in Japan proper. In addition to these he gave two radio broadcasts—one at Osaka on July 6 upon Japanese Toys, the other at Tokyo on October 19, A Message to the Japanese People. The latter reached a large number of hearers as it was relayed through every radio center in Japan and Korea. On July 2 Professor Starr made the ascent of Biroho, the highest peak in the Diamond Mountains; on August 4 he made his fourth ascent of Mount Fuji; on August 16 he climbed Haruga, one of the San-San (three sacred mountains of northern Japan). Among the many results of his present visit, he gathered new material regarding Mount Fuji, rounded out his proposed exhibition of Japanese toys and secured much relating to the early contact between Japan and the western world. On September 11 Professor Starr was an honor guest of the University of Chicago Club in Tokyo, sharing honors with Professor Moulton (Economics) and the visiting U. of C. baseball team. On October 16 he read a paper before the Asiatic Society of Japan upon Tacho: Typical Edokko, which will be printed in the Society's Transactions. Mr. Teikichi Sugawara of Tsuruoka accompanied Professor Starr from April 21 to October 21 as interpreter and helper. To him, as photographer of the expedition, some 250 photograph negatives are due. Professor Starr left Japan on October 21 by the President Jefferson, arriving at Seattle on November 1.

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